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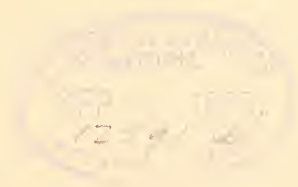
THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY

MISS E. LATIMER.

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DEDICATION.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE THE BEAUTIFUL, AS UNFOLDED IN THE
WORKS OF THE GREAT CREATOR; AND WHOSE ENDEAVOR
IS TO MAKE THE LIFE HARMONIZE WITH NATURE'S
PURE AND HALLOWED TEACHINGS; THESE
ESSAYS, THROUGH HEARTIEST SYM-
PATHY, STAND DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. THE BEAUTIFUL—PREFATORY	7
II. THE BEAUTIFUL IN LANDSCAPE FORMS	13
III. THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE GRASS AND THE TREES . .	17
IV. THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE FLOWERS	24
V. THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE COMMON EARTHS	27
VI. THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE RAINDROP	32
VII. THE BEAUTIFUL IN LIGHT AND AIR	36
VIII. THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE HEAVENS	39
IX. THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE HUMAN FACE	43
X. THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE ARM AND HAND	50
XI. THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE VOICE	54
XII. THE BEAUTIFUL IN CHARACTER	62
XIII. THE BEAUTIFUL IN OBEDIENCE	66
XIV. THE BEAUTIFUL IN POLITENESS	71
XV. THE BEAUTIFUL IN RESPECT	77
XVI. THE BEAUTIFUL IN KINDNESS	84
XVII. THE BEAUTIFUL IN FIDELITY	89
XVIII. THE BEAUTIFUL IN FRIENDSHIP	92
XIX. THE BEAUTIFUL IN TRUE PIETY.	99
XX. THE BEAUTIFUL IN CHARITY	102

THE BEAUTIFUL.

CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY.

in thine hour of gladness go and listen
To the merriest songs, in copse and grove,
In that of sadness, where sunbeams glisten,
With the clear, blue sky beaming bright above.
Go in thy gladness, go in thy sadness,
And each pulse of joy is gently heightened,
While the heart's deep sadness thus is lightened,
Through Nature's earnest, loving lessons.

THE love of the beautiful is the purest love the heart may know. In its essence, it becomes the love of the Creator Himself, the source of all beauty. This love instructed, leadeth unto Him, so naturally, whose munificence has ordained that life's humblest pathway may be gladdened with the charm of the beautiful. Thus opening our eyes to the gift of the beautiful, so richly bestowed, is to be made happier and better; while to live as we

oftener do, with the eye closed to pleasant objects, and the ear to sweet sounds, does in so much deprive the soul of improvement and the heart of a pure joy.

In strict truth, too, we may say, it is a very false judgment that makes us deem those only blest whose appointments bear evidence of great expenditure; for the fact really is, the ever beautiful is accessible to all. To illustrate such statement, we need but call up the objects most happily suggestive, or richly embodying this quality, throughout the whole realm of nature, and we shall plainly see that the intrinsically beautiful makes the common possession.

If choosing from objects universally accessible, and contrast with others that some accident of commerce or art has placed such price upon that wealth alone can enjoy, even then it will appear, that we have only established an exception, of partial bearing, when the intrinsically beautiful must remain, as ordained, for universal possession.

From objects that confessedly charm, representing the general and exceptional class, take the diamond and dew-drop. Their influence upon

light is similar, and to this influence they owe their classification among objects, beautiful. Placed side by side in the sunshine, and which is the more resplendent? The globular form of the dew-drop gives it an equable play of color. The diamond is more intense and changeful, but not more beautiful, and is far less useful.

Known in its flash and brightness to the few alone, the diamond, too, is far less spiritual than its compeer, for nothing need excel the ethereal of the dew-drop, and surely nothing is more intrinsic. To the world of vegetation it is more inspiriting than the fabled nectar at Olympian feasts. The dews, too, are everywhere in generous amplitude. They at once enwrap the hill and plain. The mountain itself is embraced in dewy folds. In the morning sunlight, the display presented to the delighted vision is far beyond the glitter and circumstance of imperial garnishing. Then, too, when the blest mission of the dew-drop is complete below, it mounts upward into the full blaze of day, to glide for its time amid fields of ether, living its life of ceaseless change and immortal beauty.

In further argument, that the intrinsically beautiful is for common enjoyment, aside from the interdiction of art, commerce and wealth, we may present the *model*, and the *painting*. The model is the fair face and form of nature, upon which all may look, with full liberty to enjoy. But the painting, like the diamond, is for the few alone. It is produced to grace the gallery, or the palace of wealth. But it is still true, that however exquisitely executed our painting may prove, glowing in the tints a Titian blends or wrapped in the spiritual grace of Raphaelle; breathing with life or writhing with pain, as the hand of Angelo describes; still the painting, with all its transcendent merit, must fall below the excellence of the model. Art being, at best, but the rapt learner, while nature, all our own, is the accomplished teacher. So her rich landscape, which she has spread out, whereon all may rapturously gaze day by day, without money and without price, is far superior to its representation, even at the hand of genius in its highest inspiration; where truth, imagination and taste have chosen to preside; where we are impressed with the charm of

the conception, and the exquisite excellence of the execution.

Yes, the beautiful in its grand and graceful loveliness, in perfect and winning sweetness, has been created for the charm of life's every pathway, even to the lowliest. We mark its presence around the humble cottage, adjusting the symmetry of the little floweret, or beaming from softened hue of its petals, or suggesting the agreeable by its odor.

We mark, too, the extended power of the beautiful, and feel it the common gift, as spread out in the wide fields of tender green. In their particular objects, too, we are conscious of the same power. The tree, as it sentinel the rich mead, shades the highway, or protects the rural home, is everywhere a thing of beauty. So our wants, as our hearts declare.

The clear springs, the laughing brook, and the graceful, winding rivulets are so common and so lovely; and so the glad sunshine and gentle rains. On the restless ocean, too, is impressed the charm of the beautiful. We feel, too, the same power stealing down upon us with every glance we send upward toward the overhanging skies. The sea

and sky generously vie in this loving and lovely expression, whether lighted by the splendor of day or reflecting the chastened glory of the night.

All these varied objects, and so many more, beyond enumeration, are ever beautiful, intensely beautiful, bestowing the charming, in which all have the common ownership, given as a rich possession for every human heart.

This love of the beautiful, of which each individual is capable in greater or less degree, we repeat, is truly a deep, pure love, a love that gladdens, refines and ennobles. This undefinable presence which eludes analysis, gives power to the material to awaken in the soul the sweetest harmonies. The varied objects around us are thus made eloquent, teaching sweet lessons and imparting pure joy. Let us listen and learn, as He would have us do, who has made the inspiration of the beautiful to become an unfailing source of enjoyment, a gentle refiner, and as a holy presence to the universal heart.

CHAPTER II.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN LANDSCAPE FORMS.

ADDRESS TO THE READER.

In love of the beautiful go thou forth ;
Be joyous, thankful, 'mid this fair bright world
Our God hath made so lovely for us all.
Mark the charm in varying changeeful form,
But see in life a deeper, fuller glory.
Tread where the fields are softly green, and flowers
Spring in vast profusion ; now sweetly pale,
Or purely white, or rich in warmer hues.
Accept this lesson,—God hath wrought to please.

My appreciative reader, as we look abroad and pleased attention is awake to the beautiful around us, we must feel ourselves arrested by the pleasing variety we behold in landscape forms. The hill and dale, the mountain and the level, become the primary objects that excite in us a pleasing interest. The beautiful in landscape views is heightened by the variety, and not less by the contrasts in which its forms appear. The eye travels over an extended level, and finds it set in a framework

of lofty highlands. This view is felt to be more suggestive of the beautiful than that of the richest fields, wanting this contrasting outline. The hills are charming, but viewed with the sleeping vales between, the beautiful in each is but the more impressive. Thus landscape forms possess great power to delight, whether viewed in the morning's fresh brightness, in the midday splendor, or in the calm hush and softer light of the coming eve.

My dear reader! is yours a New England home? If so, your native hills stand in constant illustration of the beauty in the ever varying landscape forms. You see those hills near or distant, now seemingly well rounded, and sloping to the narrow, terraced levels. Again they appear more broken and rugged. They may be crowned on one hand with the waving grain, on the other, with coronal of forest. But, whether thus in repose, or animate with the whitened flocks or careless straying herds, these hills, and their deepened valleys between, are very lovely, under all these charming conditions.

The bountiful administration to the soul's desire for the beautiful is richly expressed by the

varying surface the entire world presents. Any particular portion may well be considered the more desirable, where is combined within limited space the greatest variety of landscape conformation.

How large compensation is offered for rigorous climate and less genial soil by New England, in her alternate hill, mountain and dale. But my reader's home may not be here. It may be, seemingly, nearer the setting sun, and where the particular aspects of which we have spoken are not so constantly familiar. On the contrary, it may be where extended levels predominate for miles, and miles, without intermission. Through these lower regions wind deep and broad rivers, which sometimes sever and at other times encircle. The rivers but sweep the outer borders of the higher table-lands, yet everywhere contribute to fertility. They water regions not so picturesque, but still the home of great agricultural wealth, of vast cities, and a high civilization.

But New England is happier in her more powerful incentives to quickened thought and unceasing action, which are born amid mountain shadows and the lessons of the everlasting hills. Indeed,

the power of landscape form is immense upon character and happiness. In its changeful manifestations it thrills the heart with the grandly beautiful, and ennobles by its hallowed inspiration.

CHAPTER III.

VEGETABLE LIFE.

THE GRASS AND THE TREES.

We learn from merest form,
Lessons so full of power ;
But life, glorious life,
Comes with a richer dower—
Lovely, everywhere,
In earth, the sea, and air.

WE may seem to tread carelessly the dull, senseless earth, yet we feel it speaks to the soul within us. But more impressive is life as we see it in the grass, the trees, and the flowers. The bare, rugged, or the rounded hill may attract the gaze. But clothed in luxuriant greenness, and the suggestion of the beautiful has now far greater power. The grassy hills and productive plains are ever lovely to the eye. The rich, grassy pastures delight in their present and associated beauty also.

It was, at once, a charmingly philosophic fancy of the lively Greek, that made the divinities of

Olympus delight in the pastoral fields and the quiet flowery vales ; that made them choose the shepherd's life when exiled from celestial seats.

These mythological magnates made a happy choice in employment and locality, if they must exchange their seats in heaven for sojourn upon our earth. It was indeed charming to walk, to sport, to recline at will amid the softly green fields and listlessly stray among her ambrosia-breathing vales. Then how very delightful to be canopied by day with the bluest skies, and by night the brightest. Thus devoted to the simple and beautiful, and not less to the philosophical, were the divinities of the ancient Greek. But it is from fact rather than mythologic fable that we may learn the chaste beauty and simple excellence that may pertain to the shepherd's peaceful life, charming and contemplative. It was to this class, the Judean shepherds, made so receptive through communion with the pure and beautiful, that the heavenly choir first sung the glad anthem of "peace on earth and good will to men." Blessed were those shepherds upon Bethlehem's grassy slopes, our hearts repeat, and blessed too are all

those thus disposed to understand the exceeding love and goodness of the great Creator, speaking from the hills and vales, and even from the humble blades of grass—the grass so lowly and yet so abundant, whose mission it is to express the beautiful in eternal verdure.

But with all its sweet and suggestive lessons, its utility and beauty, the grass must yield in the impressive to a more marked, perhaps more poetical and useful feature in every striking landscape—the tree. The grass and the trees grow from the same cherishing earth. The trees are also in abundance and endless in variety. Some dwarfed and lowly in type, others lofty, varying according to species and climatic influences.

Some trees are clothed in perpetual verdure, others, and those particularly in temperate climates, cast their leafy glory at regular intervals. The coloring of the departing leaf is simply indescribable, and inimitable in its perfection. The fall of the leaf does not signify death, but becomes the illustrator of a beautiful life, forever renewed. Again, in all climates, the trees delight with their abundance of fruit, and often with the rich juices

they yield. But whether pleasing thus or winning the eye with gracefulness, or awing by size or age, the trees under all these circumstances are profuse in the suggestion of the beautiful.

The pine in all its very wide family delights by its unchanging greenness; it is the same under Norwegian, Chilian or Californian skies.

The maple we love for its shade and luxuriance in its offering of sweetness. "We must plant the maple by our new home," said a sturdy emigrant who had settled near the headwaters of the Missouri; "there is no home without the presence of the trees we have known and loved." In all the profusion of tropical vegetation, the palm may be regarded as a most marked feature. The palm excels in the charm of symmetry. Its uniquely graceful foliage and massed fruit crowns regally its lithe, shaft-like stem. Among the many trees of this family we find the boast and beauty of the warmer regions of the earth. Of the trees of temperate climates the classic elm and oak deserve especial notice. The oak, so unlike the palm, is strong and broadly spreading. The protective and religious are the elements of its peculiar

beauty. We may not wonder that the ancient Druid chose its shade for his place of worship. The oak appeared to his benighted soul the symbol of the divinity he would find in the works of nature. But a purer light has long since arisen upon the land, where Druidical superstition once ruled, and the brave old oak stands, all unsullied by the darkened fable, and cruel superstition with which it was intertwined. It is redeemed, standing the personation of utility, strength, and beauty. It will remain the striking feature of the English landscape, and the pride of the American forest.

Glancing back to that far off beginning, when the tree was called to its appropriate rank and place in the works of creation, we note the salutation of "good" greeting the trees—these wonderful trees that made the primal forests of our earth! What vast treasures were enshrined in these forests! Their prevalence and beauty must have been sufficient to imparadise the new earth.

The angelic eye, resting upon such pervading charm, must have deemed this world of ours, in its primal state, to be another heaven of beauty.

Indeed, could the countless ages that have

passed retreat backward, and reveal to the gaze but one view of the newly-garnished earth, that view asked would be the earliest investing forest, those rich luxuriant forests, now changed in place and form, from which we derive the cheerful light and genial heat. How immense, how lofty, how grandly beautiful these forests must have been when their product is inexhaustible.

The trees, from the day they were called to exist, grew everywhere and in unparalleled luxuriance.

They were matured by a heat more than tropical, and watered by mists more cherishing than the rains. These trees still grow everywhere, in lessened height and lessened glory it is true. But they are still profuse in the expression of the beautiful and prodigal in utility. In the most attractive landscape trees constitute the principal charm. They soothe by refreshing shade. They stand as the trusty sentinels around our pleasant homes. Their presence is so delightful to the untired gaze of childhood, and so tenderly pleasing to the eye of age. "Spare that tree" whose shade is sacred to childish sport, whose softened and beau-

tiful light, too, has rested upon the upturned brow, when faith and hope first mingled in the soul's prophetic dreams. "Spare that tree" whose deep religious awe is more profound than the dim cathedral arch. "Spare that tree," for the hand that planted and nurtured its growth guided my wayward steps into the path of obedience and piety.

"Spare the trees." They are the richest embellishments of the field. They are the faithful guardians around our cherished homes. The altars are shrined beneath their shade, where we breathe forth our holiest desires, and offer the most profound devotion.

"The groves were God's first temples, ere man learned
To hew the shaft, or lay the architecture,
And spread the roof above them ; ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems."

CHAPTER IV.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN FLOWERS.

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you
That heavenly lesson from all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky—
Then, in the bosom of your purity,
A voice he set, as in a temple shrine,
Speaking in tones so sweet, almost divine.

HEMANS.

WE acknowledge the beauty in landscape forms. We are penetrated by the charm of green fields, and we must ever admire the spreading tree. But pervading as beauty is, in each advance we make, while dwelling upon nature's charms the perfect whole cannot be reached without rehearsing that of the more charming flowers. Charming in their depth of color. and charming in their manifold tintings; charming in their symmetry, and charming in their unchanging gracefulness; charming in their delicate odors and intensely sweet perfume; charming as folding the principle life, and declaring through their changes the finally immortal.

The rounded hills and winding grassy vales, the

boundless plain, the mountain lifting itself toward heaven, arrest the eye. So doth the tree, sending its lithe shaft on high, or less lofty, when it stands in firm columnar strength, win us by its protection, and make us happy in its beauty. But the exquisite charm, that can bedew the eye, and melt the heart, has been given to the less aspiring, modest, graceful flower.

No one, however obtuse, can be wholly insensible to the pleasing beauty of the flowers, a beauty, we repeat, so perfectly wrought in endless form, varied coloring, delicate fragility, and delicious fragrance. Of these objects so lovely we are allowed to say that they perfectly subserve the end for which they were created. The flowers, moreover, are allowed to remind one of the lost loveliness of Eden. They constantly wear the smile of a fairer and happier world than ours. Wherever the flowers bloom it is to beautify and charm anew the face of nature. It is a part of their mission now to soothe the heart in sadness, while they make more joyous the festive hour. The flowers brighten the chamber of sickness and impressively decorate the consecrated altar. To them also is

given power to throw a soft subduing influence around the deepest shadows of the tomb.

The presence of flowers in the place of sepulture is the chosen form in which we speak of the holy love, and tender, that we cherish for the departed. The flowers, too, speak of the deathlessness of affection when all else around us may seem only fleeting and unreal. Verily, for beauty, for love to express its more chastened or intense devotion, and all that is purest and holiest in affection, the flowers aptly may illustrate.

We know, too, the germs of the future forest, and the grass and grain upon a thousand hills, are wrapped in the foldings of the flower. But it is equally true that these foldings might have been less beautiful, less gorgeous, less symmetrical, less fragrant, attracting no peculiar attention, imparting no peculiar pleasure, filling no void in the heart that yearns for the ministry of the beautiful. But this gift of power has been rendered so superlative in the flowers we may yield them our admiration and here allow ourselves to forget, for once, the every-day utility that is so elaborately folded within their velvety coverings.

CHAPTER V.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE COMMON EARTHS.

Earth, how vast thy wonders! how great thy care
In hidden recess, beautiful and rare,
Thou fashionest the bright and costly gem.
From thy strange laboratory; then
Thou sendest life in happy changeform—
The fruits, the waving grain, the golden corn.
And we are thine, too, kind cherishing earth,
So we would not forget our humble birth.
All that is thine we yield back to thee,
But the soul claimeth immortality.

SHAKESPEARE.

IF utility really constituted the essence of the beautiful, as some philosophers teach, then the common earths would claim to be regarded as exceedingly beautiful. But while choosing to be confined to felt and acknowledged manifestations of this quality, the common earths may not be passed by indifferently, for they do share largely in the beautiful. In their every-day capacity they form the basis whereon all that is grand, enduring, or beautiful rests. Here we find the tasteful cottage and the elaborately ornamented palace.

Without such basis as the common earths render what would become of every work of art, from the most finished product of the sculptor's chisel to the great pyramids? Verily, the common earth has *reflected*, if not intrinsic beauty. How else can we account for the pleasing interest we cherish for mere locality, where deeds of daring, of heroism and devotion have been wrought?

"My mother," asked an affectionate son, on the eve of departure for an eastern journey, "what shall I bring you on my return that you will prize the most? Shall it be my miniature, cut by the Roman lapidary, or wrought in fine mosaic?" "Bring back your own dear face, with its same loving smile, and a pebble from the shore of the Jordan. Your face in mosaic I should not appreciate, but the pebble would recall the footprints of Him who hath opened the way from earth to heaven. To my eye it would be more beautiful than the softest and most perfectly-blended mosaic."

On a day of the early spring-time I walked over a battle-field of the revolution for the first time. This field was unmarked by any monument that

spoke of the strife it had witnessed. Lofty branching elms were standing where the conflict had been determined and bloody. The foliage of a part that had been standing was known to have been mutilated, and their trunks scarred by the miserable ordnance of those poverty-stricken days. A massive mansion was still to be seen on this same battle-ground that had sent back the roar of cannon, and the quick sharp volleys of musketry. All around was now smooth and of a lovely green, and none the less so that it had been dyed in human blood. The beauty associated with this battle-ground for freedom gave to the trees, the grass, and each sand and pebble far more than wonted charm—appealing to the heart's fullest susceptibility of tenderness and beauty. We may well regard, too, the common earth as beautiful from its essential connection with art and utility, as well as from its charmed association with noble deeds, wrought from love of country, truth and human happiness.

、 Then the rich treasures the common earths are made up of, and enshrine, add another strong element of interest and pleasure. The metals, pre-

cious and useful, are alike buried in the earth. The iron that civilizes and perfects each art of peace, and that, too, which imparts to warfare its crushing power, comes from the bosom of the cherishing earth. The gold and silver are hidden in earth's recesses, waiting the magician's power to be revealed. The coal, too, that makes the ruddy light and equal heat, has been given in trust to the common earth.

To speak here of the flashing gem what shall we say of it? how regard it? As a creation fashioned apart from all else? No, rather speak of it truly as it is, a refined form of common earth and nothing more. Yet how beautiful we regard the rare and costly gem! The sapphire that wears a heavenly blue, the ruby, of indescribable lustre, are but the clay in crystalline form. The amethyst that enshrines more than the rich purple of Syria's sunset hues is but another form of common silicious earth. So also, the agate of banded or clouded lustre, the opal, whose changeful play of color reminds one of a human face that is perfectly lovely, where expression may change each moment, yet each change filling the beholder

with a perfect sense of the beautiful. So the opal. But the amethyst, the agate, the carnelian, the jasper and opal are but the common sand crystallized !

But far more personal and amazing than all these truths connected with our subject, there comes the more wonderful fact that from the common earth the Mighty Architect formed the most perfect and beautiful of his works,—the human body.

The same eternal wisdom, moreover, has appointed, when the purposes of this noble creation in each instance are fulfilled, it returns again to primeval condition, and the requiem is forever chanted, "earth to earth and dust to dust."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE RAINDROP.

The poet sees !
He can behold things manifold
That have not yet been fully told :
Sees when the rain is done,
On a bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.
Thus the seer with vision clear
Sees forms appear and disappear
In one perpetual round of strange
Mysterious change.

LONGFELLOW.

THE raindrop is often made to soliloquize upon its individual weakness, and absence of interest. But its mission is most important, and it must be grouped with the confessedly beautiful. It is to the raindrop we owe the wealth of the earth's vegetation. We owe, too, the constancy of the rivers, the habitual level of the lakes, and the purity of the ocean. The raindrop is very useful and beautiful, and so are all the works of God. The raindrop in its formation is an exponent of a change-

less law ; in completion, it ranks with the charmingly beautiful. It leaves, may be, its companions of the deep, while seething and restless they seemingly plunge with massive strength the heavy ship, from billow to billow, or lift the sail gracefully, from crest to crest. They break with tidal power against the rocky barrier, dashing wildly upon the shore. Such the raindrop, such the occupation, such the companions the raindrop often leaves while it is bound on a distant, upward journey. Silently, invisibly, yet rapidly it speeds its way, until it reaches the thin upper air. Mounting from the liquid ocean below, it has grown more expanded and ethereal in its upward flight, for now it seems something spiritual rather than material. It mingles harmoniously with the light air and still lighter ether. It is now so much diffused as apparently to threaten its real identity forever. But "it is of the earth, earthy," and incapable of union but with its own. It rushes to the embrace of kindred particles, which are met throughout the realms of ethereal mist. At length it reappears in the upper air, making the pure white folds of fleecy cloud, whence is signalled the

points for concentration. Soon re-enforced from above, below, and around, the recalled raindrops in millions draw their canopy of cloud between heaven and earth, even as of old, "dividing the waters from the waters." Out of the mist of cloud looks our serene raindrop, noting the thirsty earth beneath, seeks the spot where most needed. Preceding and bidding its train to follow, attended by a gleam of sunlight, the raindrop hangs for a moment in mid air, shedding abroad the splendor of rich hues; lingers not to dazzle, but hastes on its mission of love and duty, to gladden the field, to refresh the fainting flower, and to inspire with strength the waving forest.

At night, when the moon is in the sky and the stars keep sentinel above and around, come the dews to join the raindrop in united offices of love. Together they cherish vegetation, making the summer night cool, and the morning bright with changeful hues. Still lost not, and lingering not.

Again, by the same ministry, the tiny rill swells into utility and beauty. In its brief course it hurries forward; dashing its white spray over the jutting rocks and down the deep ravine, pushing

onward to mingle with the mightier river. Here innumerable raindrops gathered together, calmly now and majestically pursue their changing and strangely wonderful journey back to their chosen home, the boundless deep.

Not more beautiful to the eye is this marvellous raindrop, through all its protean forms of ministry, than its moral, which becomes in the hour of awakened admiration so richly instructive. The raindrop has its individual beauty as its individual mission; but it is in *unity* that it becomes so powerful and of such extended interest. It is thus that it visits the roots of the mighty forest. It is in *unity* that it clothes the fields in greenness, gives birth to the rill, swells the river to majestic size, and fills to the brim the broad unfathomable ocean.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN LIGHT AND AIR.

Hail, holy light !

Bright effluence of bright essence increate,
Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert ; and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle did invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.

MILTON.

LIVING with the shadows of life falling around, excited by its contending interests or saddened and depressed by its cares, our hearts withal should not be insensible to the many compensations offered. We were made to be soothed, and even to be rendered joyous by the charming that nature unfolds, by the living beauty of the fields, by the music of the singing rills with their bordering of graceful and fragrant flowers. So even the majesty of the rivers, the waving of forests, and the sight and sound of the restless oceanic waters, should gladden and elevate.

Indeed, it is a matter of unaccustomed thought,

that there is above us and around us an aërial ocean more surging and restless than the vast waters spread out before us. The ocean of water teems with myriad forms of animal life, while the aërial contains the vital principle of every varied mode of organism. The ocean of water bears on its surface the vast commerce of the world; the air urges with quickened speed this freight to its destined port. The waters sink to rest after their mighty labors; the air, like the great Creator, never tires, so never rests. The one is confined within prescribed limits; the other sweeps uncontrolled over both earth and ocean.

“For who the illimitable wind
Could ever seize, or ever bend?”

In its wayward wanderings it touches lightly or roughly the mountain tops, and surges sportively to the lowest vales. The vital air is everywhere. It fills the deep caverns, and rising, blends aloft with the pure ether. It permeates all soils, and mingles to unknown depths with the waters of the ocean. Unseen, yet omnipresent, it has received the gift of life. Throughout the domain of human view, the phenomena in all their relations with

light are full of interest, and very beautiful. The tender hues of the early dawn, and the roseate tinge of the nearer day, are due to atmospheric influence. So the soft twilight, that gently raises the slumbering eyelid, to spread over the field of vision, pictures of matchless beauty. The same magic charm born of air and light calls the inferior creation to a new day of light and life. This, as the preceding, reaches for itself anew the splendor of the midday, and withdraws as gracefully, and the pleased yet now tired vision folds around its charming views the drapery of sweet dreams.

Let it be added, if the untaught and erring humanity worshipped the sun, as he sent his early beams through the transparent atmosphere, resting over eastern lands, well may the instructed Christian make the twilight hours the seasons of holiest communion with the Father of Spirits, the Creator of all things good and beautiful.

Calmly at the close of day,
Trusting kneel, devoutly pray ;
Ask the inner, holy light,
Guiding thought and word aright ;
Ask humility and grace,
Fervent love, his works to trace.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE HEAVENS.

What though no real voice or sound
Amid those radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

ADDISON.

FROM the preceding chapters we learn how richly suggestive of the beautiful the varied material objects around us prove. We lift the eye to the overarching firmament of heaven and behold the beautiful written there also, and so legibly. We hear, too, the deep harmonious response of thankful praise to Him who hath set the crown of the beautiful upon all His works. Grandeur and awe, too, naturally mingle with the sentiment of the beautiful when we contemplate the appearance, or the varied phenomena, of the heavens. The untaught child beholds with rapture the first star of evening, as it glides quickly into view from the depths of ether. The prac-

tised astronomer looks upon the same phenomenon, and although so frequently noticed by him, and its sudden reappearance easily explained, it each time proves a thing of beauty to his eye, as to that of the little child. All intrinsic beauty, truth, and grandeur were made to appeal constantly and forcibly to the universal heart, whether beating with the quick pulsation of childhood or the slower movement of later life. To every eye the stars are beautiful, as they come forth to grace the night. The study of the stars was one of the earliest, that engaged the human mind. Their grouping into constellations has in a measure come down to us, although anterior to any form of writing. The author of the generally supposed oldest book in the world, speaks therein of Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, as we mention what is universally known. This proves to us that the study of the stars, which we name astronomy, was one of the first that aroused human attention, and most deservedly. The group of the Pleiades is not remarkable for the size of its individual stars, where by the naked eye seven are counted, but their grouping, and the softness of their light ren-

der the same so charmingly impressive to the beholder under every sky. In mythological lore this beautiful group has been named the seven sisters, of which a modern couplet adds :

“ The gentle sisters seven,
Stars serenest in the heaven.”

To every eye looking upward the group of the Pleiades must appear very beautiful in our winter sky. Arcturus, from size and situation, is easily known, and when known never to be forgotten ; while the entire constellation of Orion is more strikingly beautiful, than any other of the stellar groupings in the northern winter sky. But when we take in with our reflective gaze the astronomical fact, that all these stars looking down upon us at night are *suns* like our own, with the exception of the planetary bodies making our solar system, then it is, that the sentiment of the sublime replaces the beautiful. The vastness of the creation, as thus presented, involves the heightened sentiment of the grandly sublime !

But at all times, and especially in the summer sky, appears a bright zone of light stretching beyond the limits of either horizon. It looks like

transparent cloud, with a background of faint stars. It particularly pleases the unassisted eye, while it ravishes the astronomer with his far-seeing glass. Directing his telescope, it becomes to him in the point viewed as an open window, through which he seems to catch a glimpse of the very heaven of heavens, and learns to estimate here, too, something of the extent of the universe of God.

The galaxy, or milky way, speaks thus to the common, and thus to the assisted eye, and so throughout every point in its teaching. It speaks of the beauty, the vastness, the grandeur and perfection of the works of the great Creator. Yea, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard; their line has gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world."

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE HUMAN FACE.

“Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with his own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might, the power of loveliness?”

BYRON.

FROM the consideration of the beautiful in its many objective forms we will turn to the contemplation of this quality in its more subjective character, where its power is felt to be greater because it is here better understood and more fully appreciated.

In the adjective use of the term beautiful our desires always teach us to expect it followed by something relating to face or form, to outward embellishment or rare attainment. The agreement is universal that the human face, or the soul therein manifest, is capable of inspiring the most perfect sentiment of the beautiful. When charmed

here we may forget for the time there is any other use for the term. Verily, the beautiful as expressed in the human face has untold power, and we think of it as naturally allied to general symmetry of form, together with mental and moral perfection.

Before such impersonation as presented in the Venus de Medici, or the more heavenly expression of the Madonna, both the pagan and Christian world have offered the homage of deep admiration. No temple could be too elegant, or furnished too elaborately for the worship of the goddess of beauty. No gift has been too costly, and no gem too precious to grace the Madonna. No part of the consecrated edifice but is rendered more sacred by the image of the beautiful and spotless virgin.

Wherein the beautiful really consists is the inquiry that is avoided, from the difficulty of satisfactory answer. Some facts, however, are easily grasped in this connection, and results are sufficiently obvious to satisfy. Symmetry of feature and delicacy of complexion, have much to do with the expression of the beautiful. But the soul

within, irradiating and informing the features, and through its deep and changeful emotions heightening the effect of complexion, has the most to do in producing the enchantment that beauty inspires.

We are made aware of the supremacy of the inner power when we observe and feel, that the plainest features and an indifferent complexion are able to inspire the unmistakable sentiment, when that face is lighted by the glow of enthusiasm, intelligence, and purity of soul.

Our country can boast of a great number of clever and highly cultivated women, whose works adorn our literature, whose achievements decorate our galleries of art, and whose mental acquirements help to extend the sphere of general knowledge. Still the mere personal attraction of this class, when viewed in the abstract, may be very limited. But it is not unfrequent that we see from thence the representations of personally charming women—charming not by faultless features but through the earnest love and brightness within. The following is an illustration:

While passing a pleasant hour in the room of a

successful engraver, a number of superb works of this class were presented to show the improvements in the art. They, too, were supposed to be fac similes of whatever the engraving presented, whether portrait or landscape. For the most part they represented the authorship of the day. In glancing over this assemblage of pictured writers the eye caught a familiar name appended to a very striking picture. Having seen the original, and believing simply there was some mistake, the engraver was asked, "Why, to a fancy sketch, should a real name be given? Truly you cannot mean this picture as a correct representation of the first lady authoress of the day?"

The engraver, in replying, raised a screen, carefully shielding a charming picture, and said: "My art has required me to give in smaller size simply, an exact copy of this painting, which you must admit has been quite faithfully done." Continuing, he further remarked: "The portrait itself was painted by an artist of the first distinction, and from actual sittings, from the first draft upon the canvas to the last shade of coloring given, his aim being the exact life presentation, and the

painter considered his success very complete." This closing sentence flashed a new light upon the whole matter, which solved the problem of differences. The painter wrought under enchantment: he saw with the mental, rather than the natural, eye as he copied. His pictured features seemed to embody this truth, viz.: it is in this study the soul is seen and transferred to the canvas instead of stiff, unyielding features.

It is true at all times that the beautiful of the human face depends less upon the age, the accident of a particular style of features or glow of complexion, than we may at first imagine. The beauty of the soul, as it informs and animates, may even have the power to quiet or wholly disarm the severe criticism of the eye.

That sweet writer, author of "The Neighbors," etc., when on her visit to this country was one day in the crowded saloon of a steamer, journeying toward the friendly city, Philadelphia. A mute in the same saloon, a lad of ten years, very remarkable in perception, as he noticed Miss Bremer in the distance, began in his sign-language to say to his travelling friend, "How ugly, how disagree-

able that woman yonder is with such a red face." His gesticulations becoming marked, he was informed that this lady had written many charming books.

The expression on the little fellow's countenance changed quickly from disgust to admiration. He looked now in the truer sensitiveness of the impression. He comprehended the excellent, and Miss Bremer to his eyes was beautiful, whatever she might have seemed before this revelation that she was good and gifted. Near the close of the journey the Swedish authoress, always so gentle, chanced to pass near the lad, whose expressive countenance caught her passing glance, and called forth a half smile, as laying her hand upon his head she spoke a kind word to him in broken English. When told the boy was a mute, such a look of compassionate tenderness beamed from her ordinarily unattractive face as touched the sensitive emotions of the little fellow. His eyes filled with tears, and as the kind lady passed on in his silent language he said, "She is not ugly, only beautiful!"

The little encounter, perhaps, by Miss Bremer

was never recalled, but to the boy it became a sweet memory. Up to the years of sterner manhood he has never forgotten the beautiful Swedish lady, who stands very high among his favorite authors.

CHAPTER X.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE ARM AND HAND.

The arm and hand for strong might fashioned,
Not less for beauty and the finest art,
Manifold, their grand united power
For act of goodness, for act of greatness,
When in obedience to high moral force,
Firm mental strength, the noble action springs.

THE face, lighted by the soul, may to every comprehension express much of the impressively beautiful. As a whole we need not speak of the human form so erect, symmetrical, and fitted for the high rank yielded to the perfect work of the Creator, but in passing survey would further note distinctively the human arm and hand. Of the arm it may well be affirmed, from a knowledge of its structure, it was not formed to exert the greatest amount of power simply ; but such is its structure, that it combines the executive in harmony with the symmetrical and beautiful.

So, too, the human hand has its own especial claim to the beautiful of formation, and most

strongly expresses the beautiful in design and adaptation. But this expression resides not more constantly in formation and capacity implied, than in what it has wrought, all along through the multiplied, retreating ages. The hand, when incited and directed by mental power, what has it not wrought? Very early it opened the bosom of the earth and reaped rich harvests of bread and wine. It brought to light metallic treasures. It built houses for shelter and shaped ingenious craft for trading purposes, aiding the distribution, and equalling thus the product of agriculture and the results of the first rude arts. The hand gained great skill as the attention of genius was applied to the study of art and the demands of utility. Through all the multiplied necessities of the useful and the increasing desire for the ornamental, through all the centuries of past time the hand has not been found unequal to meet the desired fabrication, or artistic completion.

The hand built the pyramids, and so early that the time when these most enduring monuments were raised cannot be told. It built, too, the Parthenon, that crown of beauty for the Acropolis at

Athens in the day of that city's unrivalled splendor in art and literature. The hand, in its exceeding nicety has ornamented the Gothic Cathedral with the light, airy tracery of forest boughs. It has sculptured the elaborate column with the drooping and graceful Acanthus leaf. It has opened a track for navies through the solid land, and bridged the ocean floods. It has revealed the mysteries of mountain caverns, to give the travellers the directness and speed of the rapid winds. It has shaped the simple apparatus, that conducts the lightning from the upper fields of cloud harmlessly back again to the earth. Yea, and more, it gives to the lightning's fiery keeping his patient thought or grandest plan, and urges its mission to the outspeeding of light.

In all this we see the beauty of power as it pertains to the human hand; but this hand has holier, and therefore more beautiful, offices than expressing and directing power. We bless God for its higher capabilities. We acknowledge from the heart, too, the beauty of the act when the hand thrusts back the stained sword into its scabbard in token of peace; when it signs the petition for mercy;

when it gracefully wipes from the face the tear of sorrow ; when it tenderly supports the weakness and trembling of age ; when it raises the kneeling penitent from the dust ; when it distributes at the consecrated altar the symbols of the holiest faith and the visible tokens of God's unchanging love. Such the intrinsic, and such the suggestive, beauty of the human hand.

This proved a well-chosen subject for Sir Charles Bell—" *The Human Hand* "—for his competitive treatise, "On the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the works of creation."

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN THE VOICE.

“Softly murmur, gentle voices,
Soothing care and healing woe,
Bringing to the chastened spirit
Hopes forgotten long ago.
Bringing comfort to the dying,
To the weary giving rest ;
Like the whispering of angels
In the mansions of the blest.”

To the eye has been given the capacity to grasp the near and the distant at a single glance, to delight in the hues of color and receive pleasure from the endless variety of form. Yea, and more, to read all holy sympathies as expressed in the human countenance. But the eye is not the only avenue through which the soul is inspired with the beauty of the outward world. The ear, also, lends its charming ministry. All pleasant sounds delight the ear, even as the trees and green fields delight the eye. The sweet voices of spring, how pleasing and how soothing. The song of birds, ever delightful, and doubly so, ringing out in sweet

symphonies on the milder air of the early spring-time. These notes themselves may not be sweeter than at other seasons, but seem thus, as suggestive of the happy life of the little songsters, and associated with the delicate flowers, the tender leaves, and all the budding beauties of the spring! Not less charming are the bird-notes of the leafy June. Partially absorbed by the abundant foliage and luxuriant fields, there seems a peculiar sweetness as softness in these wood and field-notes. Even the quick, sharp bobolink, springing up from the thick, reedy grass, darting towards a projecting limb or high stake, trills off its short, merry song with uncommon sweetness of sound. A life so charmed seems truly a rich inheritance. The bird-voice of autumn also pleases. The echo, too, of the tall trunks and naked branches lend a charm to their agreeable, if somewhat melancholy, notes. Whoever is not better and happier for the trustful chick-a-dee's winter song of hope lives far below the true standard of Christian cheerfulness. To the beautiful in the sprightly and varying song of birds, is added the nearer or more ceaseless hum of

the insect tribes, through all the warm months of the year.

Then the voices of the flocks and herds, intermingled with sounds of busy labor, especially enlivened by the reaper's song, serve to impress us most agreeably. The many voices of rustic life, and the sweet sounds from the inferior creation, delight so deeply. But there is a higher magic in musical tones and symphonies. The martial air so inspirits, that the almost coward, under its influence, becomes a brave man. The selfish it transforms for the time from a state of cold indifference, by its power, to one of active loyalty.

Even more moved by the power of music becomes the devout worshipper ; he feels his sympathy with all that is holy and worshipful to warm and deepen, as the tones of the full organ fall on his delighted ear. So we are made to understand that the ear, as well as the eye, is designed to prove a constant source of the beautiful to the soul. But more than all these, is the human voice calculated to charm. The voice may be regarded as the greatest among all the great gifts of the Creator. How permeated with the beautiful is the power of speech,

the capability of making understood thus, each emotion of the soul ! The capability of making intelligible thus opinion and interest, each feeling of kindness and devotion ! The human voice has immense capability for good. Its power of severity and fearfulness, comes not within the province of the beautiful to delineate.

The blind receive their impressions of character from the tones of the voice, and their data conducts to truth. The voice is not the character, but its tones become the exponents of the sentiments, ruling within. A touching anecdote in the fortunes of one of the soldiers of Napoleon illustrates in its connections the power of the human voice and the truthfulness with which it expresses character. This soldier of official rank, during Napoleon's Egyptian expedition, had been seized with ophthalmia. Returning to his native France, he found himself thrown, in a measure, upon the charities of an humble family in a rural district some miles from Paris. Among the members of this family was a young girl, whose face had been greatly marred by a sad accident, but whose voice expressed the sweet and tender in every

tone. Listening to its melody, the unfortunate officer forgot his calamity and begged that its soothing ministrations might all be his own. The generous peasant maid, in turn, spoke freely of the real disparity in their conditions, and pictured truthfully, the repulsive face.

She acknowledged that she had walked all the way to Paris to lay the misfortunes of the interesting guest before his commander, and the aid of a most skilful physician had been promised for the sufferer. The hope in his case was that sight might be restored ; if so, his love, with her marred face, could not exist. Her voice and manner would no longer please or soothe, if sight returned, was argued on the side of the peasant.

“ But gratitude could never die,” was rejoined. “ The voice would always prove more powerful than the call of ambition. He would rather choose darkness than lose the charm of its sweet tones.” But the heroic girl insisted that nothing further should be urged on the subject of his devotion until the trial for his restoration to sight had been made. While there was hope of the recovery of sight nothing that might interfere with

the prospect of his future honors and success must be listened to by her. An ill-suited alliance now entered upon, would become fatal to hope of future elevation, and in the end might prove repulsive to himself. She would lead him to Paris, introduce him anew to his commander, who, no doubt, would retain a lively sense of important service already rendered. She would leave when her attentions would be no longer necessary, and the future must decide whether they ever might meet again.

The standard-bearer of Napoleon's first imperial regiment was restored to sight, and called again to the head of moving columns. He bore the conquering eagle of France with a strong arm on many a bloody field, and with a courage that never failed.

But he did not leave for the scenes of war without an interview full of grateful acknowledgment with his kind host, and still kinder daughter. "Gratitude still lived," the voice still sweet and sympathetic, even to the tremulous; but the face was forbidding, more forbidding than his fancy could have pictured while under the pleasing illu-

sion of the sweet voice and tender manner. Although unwilling to confess it to himself, even, he was glad no stronger tie bound him to the peasant's daughter than gratitude. The debt acknowledged, the warmest friendship professed, and the standard-bearer is on his way to the battle-field. But the glory and greatness of the master had scarcely felt the first shock, when the brave and trusted ensign began to perceive a return of his ophthalmic attack. He manfully kept the field until he could no longer distinguish the folds of his conquering banner. Honor, rank, and pension were richly conferred ; but the world was all darkness again. The light from the peasant's cottage lingered faintly in his heart, and at times the ear seemed to recall sweet sounds. He begged to be carried to the humble cottage that had sheltered him in his first calamity. The same noble hearts were still there, and the same loyal hospitality bade him welcome. Greater tenderness, even, was bestowed. He was urged again to make trial of ophthalmic skill which had wrought such miracles for him. He declined cheerfully, knowing the now hopelessness of his case, and declaring the

eye, if restoration were possible, might again mislead, but the *ear*, never.

It has been well said that a sweet voice in woman is a divine gift. This is certain, that a sweet voice must be regarded as among the greatest of gifts conferred. So, too, it is true no gift is more improvable than that of the voice, and none that finally becomes so indicative of character.

The vast capability of the voice is displayed by the orator when he holds the listening thousands in breathless silence, and often more by its varied intonations than the sentiment he utters. But the sublime of its power is reached when, from the high seat of justice, or the throne girt about with the majestic, there comes the full tone of irrevocable decision.

But the beautiful of the voice resides rather in its persuasive tones of eloquence when it warns against the incitements of vice, and urges the soul onward to virtue and highest excellence. But its accents are all beautiful when they speak forth the truth and tenderness of affection. It is then that its low, fervent tones fill the soul of the listener with the full light of beauty and happiness.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN CHARACTER.

Consistent characters are those in which harmony reigns. Perhaps those of this rank are more frequent than we think, especially in the middling and obscure conditions.

Dignity of character consists in sustaining by our sentiments and actions the rank which Providence has assigned us.

M. LE BARON DEGERANDO.

WITH profound interest we turn to the subject of the *beautiful* in character. Here our sympathy and admiration must find appropriate and pleasing interest. The objective attracts, but humanity enchants. The symmetrical in character is more fascinating than the lovely and symmetrical in external nature, or the finest exhibitions of art. We must love the noble and the good. It matters not where they live, it matters not in what age they have lived, it is enough that they live or have lived to mitigate the sufferings of humanity, to turn the erring into the paths of truth and duty, to grace the altars of religion by the most pure and sincere devotion.

What a treasure the youth of our country have, and so the world, in the character of Washington. Nothing could add to its unchanging lustre when tried by those tests which are conclusive of intrinsic excellence. He stands unparalleled, and without rival, in our just admiration. This perfection of character must win through all succeeding time more inestimable benefits, even, than his skill as a military commander and his genius as a statesman, have achieved. Opinions may change, human laws may be modified or reversed, but the beautiful in the character of Washington is indestructible, and constitutes its own immortality.

In the character, too, of the matrons of those historic days, we see so much to imitate and admire. With them there appears such a crucifixion of selfishness, such a comprehension of their country's necessities, as led not only to the sacrifice of every elegance, but even comfort, to lend aid in the hour of our country's trial. They were so loyal to the interests of their own and the generations to come, that the universal voice, as heart, must pronounce them blessed. What impressive beauty of character we cannot fail to see and feel in the mighty

host of philanthropists, before whom sordid rulers, covetous senates, and merciless powers have felt abashed, as in the presence of the very incarnation of truth and virtue ! Write the character of that individual or that sect the highest and purest that best loves the true interests of humanity. How beautiful, morally, is that class who have counted so lightly their own social joys, the holy sympathies of home and country, yea, their own lives, that they might lead the benighted to the Lamb of God, "who taketh away the sins of the world." But not less beautiful in character, or less holy, are those who stand up firmly and successfully against the tide of vice and fashionable error, touching not, coveting not, the unhallowed and forbidden.

But there is still a more perfect beauty of character found, too, and perhaps the more often, in the lowly vale of life. We find it in tender, sensitive woman, standing, the ever patient, the ever faithful, at the post of duty. It may be, too, she is uncheered and unappreciated, but still loyal to every claim, that the most wearying and persistent duty may demand.

We did not expect it, but we do here find the very essence of the beautiful in character. Here we do often find less of the earthly and more of the heavenly than elsewhere.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN OBEDIENCE.

Law, the revealing of the Infinite,
Extends through nature's vast and boundless range;
Suns and their systems yielding to its sway,
Make the harmony of the universe.
With us, too, rule and right should ever win
Our willing, our loving, obedience.

FROM the preceding, respecting the beautiful in character, we would now consider some of the elementary principles, which, when united, form the basis of true excellence of character.

Those to whom these pages are primarily dedicated have heard addressed to them the frequent admonition, and earnestly persuasive, to make *excellence of character* the constant and undeviating aim of life. They have been urged to pay the full price of its costliness by all self-denial, by all carefulness and culture that may be demanded for such precious attainment.

Underlying the strength, beauty, and symmetry which excellence of character implies, is obedience

to all proper authority. Prominent among the holy commandments of God is the requisition of obedience to parental authority. This commandment is distinguished as the first, containing an express promise for its observer. So important is obedience to the beauty and perfection of character, that it becomes the first human lesson to be learned, and the last whose practise is to be relinquished. But, unfortunately, lessons of a true obedience, if taught extensively, are not enforced as they should be in the majority of cases. This failure in home discipline results in the misrule that stalks unblushingly abroad. Individual character is thus marred, when the right culture might have beautified.

My reader, think you this beautiful sisterhood of states would have stood, as of late, arrayed in contest with each other, had these combatants been rightly taught that obedience to lawfully constituted authority *could not, must not* be evaded?

Obedience heartily rendered to the supremacy of law and order is the truest pledge of honor, and the only source of national strength and greatness. To withhold this obedience is most unfortunate,

and argues a tendency to the ignoble in character. The great Washington has been instanced as an example of superior excellence of character, and was renowned for the particular virtue of obedience. We should expect it to be thus, as the harmonious parts alone make up the perfect whole. Perhaps no one circumstance contributed so much to make Washington the superior man and true patriot he was, as the wholesome lessons of obedience he was early taught. It was his good fortune to be the son of a mother who, to a Spartan firmness, joined the refined excellencies of the Christian character. While she trained that noble son of hers to unqualified obedience, she prepared him to become the director of his country's destiny.

By the certainty of a natural law, he only knows how to command, who has learned aptly to obey. The happy and therefore beautiful result of obedience upon character which we may instance is further illustrated from life in the case of a distinguished bishop of the Episcopal Church. This bishop is a man whose Christian example has done more than his extraordinary intellect, in aid of the successful presentation of gospel truth. The tes-

timony he bears is to the point. He has been heard to say, "I owe all that I am to the firm and judicious discipline of my revered mother. Bereft of a father's care at a very early age, I really knew but one parent. At the age of fifty, I cannot express the love and deep devotion I feel for that best of mothers. I bless her memory for the firm yet tender control she exercised through all the years of my boyhood and youth. In the strength of manhood, I knew no diminution of her power. Through all the perilous years of early life, I never knew but one brief hour in which this control seemed burdensome, however unchangingly firm. Influenced by opinions, recreant to duty, as respect, I determined to defy her authority, and please henceforth my mistaken notions of the manly. The collision was brief and decisive. I received the rebuke I merited. Within, there was a fearful struggle, but it was overcome by that determined manner and majestic expression, arresting my recreant manliness, and so awing, overwhelmed me. I fell on my knees, acknowledging my waywardness, and never after needed a second rebuke.

"Obedience to my mother's just control has led

me onward to a true manhood. To that firm and faultless control I owe all that I am, as a minister of that holy religion which teaches the truest obedience,—the obedience of the heart and life,—to all that is noble, true, and beautiful.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN POLITENESS.

'Tis not the graceful bow that masters teach,
Or the conventional of smoothest speech ;
'Tis not the kneeling but at beauty's shrine,
Where pleased devotion studies to refine,
But 'tis the true goodness of the noble soul
That gives to word and act a charm'd control.

THERE is much that passes under the name and guise of politeness, that is remote from its charming spirit, or its lovely character. True politeness springs from within, and is beautiful in its every manifestation. It need not be limited by any particular boundary of social gradation. It may grace the cottage as well as the court, may abound equally in the humble and the higher social grade. Were it otherwise it would prove most unfortunate, the happiness of social life everywhere being greatly dependent upon the presence of this quality. It forbids in our social bearing all rude and unkind forms of speech, and all unnecessary reference to what is painful, or suggestively unpleasant.

An anecdote from life becomes illustrative. A child of a few years, a member of a well-ordered family, was made painfully unhappy by its first decided punishment. The offence arose naturally from a sensitive and demanding nature. The rebuke was felt so severely, or so undeserved, that it wrought painfully upon the feelings of the little offender. Its very tender and sympathizing playmate endeavored to soothe, and by nice little loving arts arouse the usual interest in the later-morning sports of the young chastised. Each pretty attention might have been felt and appreciated, but was received too much in the spirit of mournful silence. As the day passed on some visitors came. One of the number was so unfortunate as to insist upon being told the cause of the deep grievance, under which the little pet seemed suffering. The ready announcement was made, and in a very ill-timed style, touching two little hearts more painfully than any save sensitive natures could imagine. The loving and wise little playmate, that had been so assiduous to please and divert through all the trying morning, and with a perception more nice than all the rules of studied

politeness could have taught, had carefully avoided allusion to the *mode* of correction. But now at the thoughtless mention by another the fountains of deepest feeling seemed broken up, and in a deluge of tears the griefs of two little hearts were poured forth. The cause of severe suffering in one, had been indelicately laid open to view. The refined propriety of the other, had been deeply disturbed by the same cause. This anecdote speaks of the grief a child felt in consequence of ill-timed and impolite inquiry into the cause of a quickly passing sorrow. But what is true of the child, is true constantly of the unhappy influence of the impolite everywhere. The frequent absence of delicacy and true politeness, in the interchanges of social life work much evil, give much unnecessary displeasure and pain. On the contrary, the culture and manifestation of true politeness would greatly tend to produce an accession of happiness to society. Verily, its culture is of so much importance, its genuine fruit so beautiful, that a brief suggestion here may prove practically useful. As before said, politeness springs from the heart rather than from the enforcement of

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particular rules for the conduct. We should look well to the heart to see if all is as it should be there, in our feelings of kindness, and estimation of the rights of others. Briefly, the only code of politeness that need be given is the one most comprehensive and perfect, that language can express, "To do to others as we would that they should do to us." This requirement observed, we could never fail in proper or graceful attention to the demands and wishes, of those with whom we may be associated. Neither to those to whom we owe the nicest observances, that a true and delicate politeness would dictate at all times should we fail, or toward those, whose claims might seem less direct. The beautiful in politeness, that justly calls forth our approbation and claims our homage, is not dependent upon rank, social position, or distinguished mental culture, although these may add lustre to its observance.

Elegant manners are naturally induced by contact with refinement and cultivation. But this induced species of politeness flourishes most, like the tender exotic, in congenial soil, and surrounded by a favoring atmosphere. Removed therefrom

it grows sickly, and in time disappears. So that politeness induced by rule is but the reflection of conventional essays, having no good root in the heart; is luxuriant in the elegant drawing-room; is luxuriant where the tempered light falls softly upon glittering gems, and where the radiance of beauty itself is more resplendent. To be less than polite under these circumstances, would at least prove one's self to be alien to the amenities of our common nature. But transfer the position from scenes of elegance to those of homeliness, from associations with those calculated to please, to those who are remarkable for want of power, agreeably to interest. Then, if the same delicate perception is present, prompting the kind act, the obliging and conciliatory word, with an attentive and deferential manner—if these tests yield the result of one decidedly self-possessed and ever considerate, we may safely pronounce that we have found genuine politeness. How absolutely charming it would prove if this lovely quality of character existed everywhere.

Verily, in conduct there can be nothing more pleasing and beautiful than true politeness on all

occasions, that quick and tender sensitiveness to the rights and proper wishes of others. To impart happiness, to increase its amount in the human heart, to charm, improve, and elevate, is the mission of politeness. It manifests itself so gracefully in youth, and so becomingly in those of riper years. It manifests itself so truly kind and condescending in those of advancing age and perfecting excellence. Such, and so beautiful is politeness. It embodies the rarest perfection of speech, and the truest grace of manner. But politeness cannot exist without corresponding virtues of the heart to sustain and animate. It demands the cultivation and exercise of the generous, the noble and kindly sympathetic. In a word, the true and beautiful in politeness is but another name for the refined and excellent of goodness.

CHAPTER XV.

RESPECT FOR SUPERIORS.

By the rude hearth-stone, in the home of wealth,
Teach to thy young child dutiful respect,
As the first, the best of human lessons.
There, too, impress the teaching by example,
And it will live and bring forth richest fruit,
The love of home, of country, and of truth.

A PROPER respect for superiors may be implied in true politeness, but the subject has so much importance that it well deserves a distinct consideration. The expression of a true respect, where at all times it may be justly owed, is far from being universal. Although one of the most desirable features of character, its early and healthful development may be neglected by the discipline of home, and the systems of public education often do very little toward meeting the deficiency; neither by social or political usages is it cherished to an extent that its importance demands.

The rendering of honor to whom honor is due,

custom to whom custom is due, makes one of the prominently beautiful lessons which we learn from the Holy Scriptures. The independence that our native air inspires, the independence which is our devotion and boast, like other most excellent things, may be indulged to an injurious extent. We see the unchecked tendency in the young child by its impatience of control. It loves at once to feel itself free; learns in the nursery whether his or a higher will must be law. Here, then, is the time and place where the first and most effective lessons of obedience and respect are learned from this beginning to expand, day by day, into a perfect symmetry and ever-increasing beauty. Childhood and youth are only loveliest, when there is manifested in character a most deferential respect for those who should direct and control.

The parent or guardian is in great fault, and checks the expression of moral beauty, who does not blend the varied and sweet lessons of home, with that conduct and wisdom, that are calculated to inspire a true respect. Learned thus, it cannot be forgotten, but will grow with the growth and

strengthen with the strength. From the kind nurture of home it goes with its fortunate possessor to the school, where it should receive increased power and early reward—power from constant exercise, and reward in the kind interest and love it calls forth.

From the halls of learning, from the companionship of congeniality, general society asks for a transfer of this charming tendency in character to meet its own, just demands. It claims the graceful acknowledgment of a high respect for all that is good, for all that contributes to security, peace, and knowledge. To those who occupy places of honor or trust is owed a constant and marked respect. This serves to lessen the weight of care, making great responsibilities less oppressive.

Alfred was the noblest of England's Saxon line of kings. Although most methodical in his appropriation of time, he filled every moment with such activity as became a cause of anxiety with his counsellors, who feared the result of such close application. Urging the remission of such excessive labor, his invariable answer was, "My people truly respect and honor me, why should I not live

entirely for them? Surely nothing can be more pleasant than to live for my people, who love so much in return." What was true of England's sovereign is true of every generous ruler, of all who are worthy to sustain official rank. The reciprocity of respect on one hand, and that of cheerful obedience on the other, evinces strongly the beautiful, making the highest happiness of the ruler, as the truest prosperity of the ruled.

"Speak not against the ruler of my people." This requisition justly appears in the imperative form. If the ruler is unworthy, the office itself should still be worthy. The opportunity to dismiss the unworthy occupant will soon arrive. This mode of reproof accords with the genius of our government. It is the true manner of showing disapprobation of the bad, the weak, and the indifferent, by replacing such with those of opposite character, so filling by unanimous consent each office of honor and trust, with those alone who merit distinguished confidence. Both necessary and beautiful is respect for official station, and for those who worthily meet the high responsibility.

Of another class we would also speak, whose claim for respect is strong and peculiar, those who minister at the sacred altar of our holy religion. If we may not speak evil of the rulers of my people, to revile or neglect God's high-priest is the greater sin. The office here confessedly implies sacredness and respect, that may never be disregarded. To pay merited honor to the servant of the Most High, to strengthen his hands in the performance of holy duties, by all of kindness, sympathy, and deep respect, is a most imperative obligation. It is a duty that cannot fail to be perceived, and should be discharged in the spirit of warmth and hallowed interest.

Thus should we love and honor, and so should we respect the good everywhere. This embraces all those who forget their own ease and pleasure for demands that arise from human sorrow and suffering, those who devote themselves to the claims of a true humanity. It matters not as to the name, they are deserving of a most kind and considerate respect. It may be in the form of an angel of mercy on the battle-field, stanching the

ghastly wound, or kindly breathing the words of hope and peace into the ear, so intent upon the bidding of the anxious soul; soothing the yearning heart whose pulsations are so soon to cease forever. It may be they are of those who seek the prison-cell, there to plead with the erring, to give heavenly counsel amid its repulsive surroundings. It may be they are of those whose mission it is to quell the turbulence of strife, to correct the untrue and slanderous speech, who drop the healing balm into the wounded heart, and whose inner life is kindness and universal love. Whatever the garb, whatever the name, whatever the social rank accorded, to such as these, we owe the most dutiful and considerate respect. There is another class, of a grave and thoughtful mien, whose heads are whitened with the frosts of many winters and whose brows are written all over with the lines that time and thought imprint. Yet a sweet serenity chooses the companionship of age, oftener than that of youth. There is much that is most touchingly beautiful in this interesting period of human life, and the full heart's deep respect goes out to pay its grateful homage, to throw into the

manner its tender admiration for serene, quiet, and contented age—beautiful age, beaming with the light of another world. The smile of infancy, the homage of youth, the deference of exulting strength, the hopes of heaven, all, all are thine.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN KINDNESS.

Self-love when pushed to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense
In one close system of benevolence.
Happier, as kinder, in whate'er degree,
For height of bliss is height of charity.

POPE.

HUMAN life in its best estate is often shadowed by much of trial and deep sorrow. Our daily experience causes us to feel that kindness and sympathy are necessary to our existence. Kindness carries with itself great power; even the inferior creation feel its positive potency. The dog, the horse, and all domestic animals, so called, have been reclaimed from ferocity by the kindness, rather than the fear of man. It is kindness and love, that win obedience from the inferior world below, to the flaming seraph on high. The practical and the beautiful in kindness is seen and felt

and acknowledged in its expressive look, its gentle word, and generous deed. "I never felt the full power of a kind look," says Mungo Park, "until I experienced it in a peculiar manner. It proved sufficient to arouse me from indescribable lassitude of body and sinking spirits, born amid heated desert sands, and malarious gales. I felt the last hour near at hand, but was aroused from this stupor of seeming death by a face bending over me, with an expression of the most pitiful kindness. No word was uttered, but the look penetrated the inmost recess of feeling, and awaked me to life. No incident of that perilous journey gave such comfort and strength of resolution as the look of kindness beaming in the face of a savage amid desert wilds."

The philanthropic Howard had labored for a long time in a foreign land, for the commutation of an unrighteous prison law. His heart bled in view of the injustice and unnecessary suffering it caused. It was a labor of holy love to gain its removal; but the desired issue seemed unattainable, after months of superhuman effort. Called before a stern magistracy for the final pleading,

his physical strength seemed exhausted, while the interests of humanity found still deeper lodgment in his soul. He arose and attempted to speak, but the intensity of feeling overpowered the physical energy for a moment entirely ; he sank back upon his seat without uttering a word. His silence, for the instant, was more moving than his impassioned eloquence could have been. It touched one determined opponent in that august assembly. With a true manly kindness and appreciation of the humane effort of the philanthropist, he was induced to speak on the exciting subject in a few pacific words. Howard was recalled to his power of address. Again he arose, and in touching language made acknowledgment for the gracious words that had been spoken in behalf of himself, and the humane cause of his advocacy. New strength was given, and in his own simple moving style he plead for the prisoner. He plead so eloquently that finally his prayer was granted. When congratulated for his success, he replied, " It was all due to a few kind words uttered by a mighty opponent."

The power of the beautiful in kind looks which

all have proved, in kind words which all have felt, is only surpassed by the beautiful in kindness of action. To delineate this part of the subject fully, in this connection, would be to recite the glowing history of all generous and noble conduct.

It is not the remote, but the near, that is most interesting upon this subject. It is not the widely extended, but the comparatively bounded, that we love best to contemplate, and with most success may endeavor to evince in the daily conduct of life. Within the sacred precinct of home, kindness of word and manner should wreath as with a garland of beauty every household charity.

Not less beautiful or less interesting is kindness of manner in all our more general, and social intercourse. Kindness is ever giving, and ever receiving the richest rewards, especially those of bestowing happiness and inspiring love.

If there is one feature more admirable than another in the class of religionists called "Friends," it is their gentle and most considerate kindness toward those of differing opinions, as well as to each other. The founder of that sect in this country, is represented as the type of a kind, gen-

erous, and noble manhood. The homage of the savage heart, as well as the graceful respect of the polished cavalier, were alike won by his unaffected kindness and benevolence. The folds of his mantle seem yet to be wrapped around the conventionalities of his favorite city.

If the power of kindness were at all times appreciated, its teachings would not be disregarded, and its spirit would express itself more or less strongly everywhere. Kindness would be installed as the guardian genius of home, extending its rule through all domestic and social relations. Our words would be alike free from flattery and harshness, our actions constantly most deferential and courteous. A gentle radiance would thereby charm the pathway of life, where now it must be conceded from the influence of an opposite spirit, thick darkness, too often dwells.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN FIDELITY.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me ;
Though lov'd, thou forborest to grieve me ;
Though trusted, thou didst not betray me ;
Though watchful, thou didst not disclaim me.

BYRON.

No excellence of character can call forth more universally such pleasing and invariable approval as fidelity. We admire it in an enemy. The changeling and traitor have no real friends. The infamous Arnold was penetrated with this truth, when he pathetically acknowledged, that the country of his birth, whose fostering care had sheltered him in defenceless years, whose gratitude had honored him in ripened manhood, "but now, in his latest age, there was not *one*, in all this wide and glorious country, he could call his friend."

It is a just punishment for one so recreant to fidelity, so black with traitorous crime ! On the contrary, how this same country has delighted, and ever will delight, to honor his contemporaries, who

were faithful even unto death, in their patriotic devotion.

No modes of expressing honor and gratitude have been withheld. The brass, the granite and the marble, have been impressed with the story of their deeds. The lofty column raised here and there, to proclaim for all coming time their fidelity to home, to country, and so to universal humanity. So high that column, so grandly massive, so imposing, the very clouds rest in weariness, at times, upon its summit.

History has traced their story in rapturous eulogy, committing this devotion to freedom and defence of right, to the keeping of undying fame. Very beautiful is this fidelity to country and home. The patriot, whose love of country is supreme over all selfish aims, who fearlessly lives or nobly dies in loving fidelity to the claim of right, reaches the highest goal of fame. Before the crown of martyrdom, presented as the price of civil, or religious freedom, the pageantry of power and boundless dominion sink into worthless insignificance. Very beautiful is fidelity to truth in all its bearings ; especially beautiful is fidelity

through all the social order of life. How very beautiful are all its offices in the relation of neighbor and friend, where each duty is kindly acknowledged, and carefully performed without respect to the self-sacrifice often demanded. But a true fidelity to those we love, is not confined in its presence, or manifestation to the brief space wherein we may sometimes walk together on earth. We may see our loved ones, no more, with the natural eye, but would still be true to their wishes and faithfully observant of their remembered teachings.

Fidelity is everywhere beautiful, but nowhere does it really appear in such heavenly features, as when it copies the pure example of departed excellence, when it yields with religious tenderness to their silent wishes, when it cherishes a pure affection, undimmed by the shadowing darkness of the tomb.

Verily, a faithful, practical acknowledgment of the manifold duties we owe to the living, and a purified devotion for our cherished dead, form the perfect ideal of what is implied in fidelity—that fidelity, which is the expression of a noble life, and implying that excellence, which should be the constant aim to exercise.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN FRIENDSHIP.

“There is friendship only among the good,” said Cicero. Friendship that is rare must have its foundation in the love of excellence alone, which brings to the alliance all that is noblest and deepest in human faculties.—M. LE BARON DEGERANDO.

FRIENDSHIP can exist only among the good. Its name is familiar and its seeming presence everywhere; but with the good it only lives in its true life and beauty. Our social tendencies are so strong, that the expression “my friend” is an early and favorite form of address; it continues such, when other terms and usages of early life are discarded. We do not choose here, as in the case of beauty itself, to enter into an analysis of what is, or what receives the name of friendship. But the results of the genuine sentiment must ever awaken the feeling of the beautiful.

Similarity in age, taste, and habits of life may favor the existence of friendship; but these answering conditions are not strictly important.

They may tend to modify, but can never control, the tendency of noble hearts in the disposition to seek the alliance of a devoted friendship. This unselfish union of generous souls must ever present an interesting subject for contemplation with all who love human happiness, or admire human excellence. If we do not often meet the perfect illustrations of the holy and the beautiful in friendship, yet, when we do, there is a consciousness of an inexpressible charm. We then desire, like Dionysius of old, to be admitted into this league of noble souls.

The classic page often delights with its fascinating examples of beautiful and devoted friendships. The gravity of the Roman character was in no way opposed to its holy offices. The greater susceptibility of the Grecian character multiplied the instances and heightened the effect of a generous devotion, whenever and wherever manifested. Whether it beamed in soft radiance within the shades of Academus, intensified the patriotism and determined bravery of the battle-field, or strengthened the power of the Portico, it was at all times beautiful. But from the sacred pages we have ex-

amples speaking of the truest and noblest self-sacrifice, and we should expect beforehand such would be the fact, that here there would be illustrations of the beautiful in devotion more impressive than elsewhere. The poet and the painter, the happy illustrators of the heart and life, have each, in turn, selected the scene of the parting of Ruth and Naomi, as replete with the suggestions of the beautiful; while no example can express better the lovely characteristics of a pure and unselfish devotion. The sun of Syria has looked down upon few scenes more pathetic or beautiful, than the attempted parting of the Moabitess and her mother-in-law; pathetic from the great poverty of the stricken, childless widow, returning to her native land so desolate, so pitiful. One camel, and that lightly laden, was sufficient for the worldly goods of Naomi, who had gone forth into the country of the stranger encompassed with wealth. The scene was beautiful, as it was hallowed by such deep and tender devotion, as finds expression in the chastely impassioned words of her daughter-in-law. The loved and the lost to sight perhaps were there, mingling unseen in their purified sym-

pathies, and rejoicing in the almost seraphic beauty and warmth of the devoted Ruth ; while Naomi's human heart yearned for the love and companionship the most painful bereavement still had left to her. Yet a sense of justice and a yielding to self-sacrifice prevailed. With the saddest heart she counsels her daughters-in-law to leave her to her lot of loneliness ; to turn back to their kindred and seek new ties of happiness and home.

But the loving Ruth is lost to every motive of worldly interest ; she could not turn back ; she is deaf to every promise of gladness that would win her presence to familiar scenes ; her whole soul yields to a deep sentiment of the pure and beautiful. She would resign all, but an unselfish devotion to the widowed and sorrowing Naomi. Urged homeward to claims that must be very dear to her still youthful heart, she answers tearfully and tenderly her sorrowing friend, " Where *thou* goest I will go," and henceforth " thy people," so alien to mine, so stern and naturally unlovely, shall indeed for thy sake " be my people, and thy God my God." Well might that sad heart forget all its bereavements, its very deep sorrows, in the truth

and beauty of such devotion , admit into its darkened chambers the joy of a purer devotion, than it had ever known before.

Differing, but intensely interesting, is the more familiar and better appreciated friendship of David and Jonathan, which forms such a charming episode in the royal history of Israel. The noble, impulsive, and very poetic turn of David's mind must have rendered him a proper subject for the generous emotions of a true friendship. His lofty patriotism, his heroic daring, his firm faith in the god of battles, make his early history very attractive. In kingly courts we see him soothing and fascinating by his rare accomplishments ; we mark with lively admiration his self-control, his modesty and generous forgiveness of injury. But when we see all his manly, noble, yet sensitive soul bowing itself at the shrine of a devoted friendship, we feel that no element of the truly great, or nobly good, is wanting for the perfection of his character.

We are touched by the frequent charm of classic lay, when with its own artistic skill it portrays the beautiful in friendship. The unequalled liter-

ature, too, of our own language never inspires a more pleasing fascination than when it is consecrated to the heart's holiest tenderness. From Spenser to Tennyson we are made to feel how impressively beautiful are the delineations of that least earthly form of love that we may call friendship. We are made to feel how naturally and gracefully it ever wins the poet's sweetest lay. Nowhere is the lament of the princely David over the untimely death of his brave knightly friend surpassed in delicate tenderness and touching beauty. Indeed, we are led to acknowledge there is nothing more charming or holy in all the wide and varied world of the affections, than an abiding friendship. Its offices and character both delight and elevate. In character it is the recognition and sympathy of answering nobility in human souls. It is the essence of the morally beautiful, filling the soul with beauty and unobtrusive excellence. A true friendship shrinks not from generous self-sacrifice ; it is faithful even unto death.

It is capable of influence by the strictly spiritual and unseen, holding sweet intercourse with souls no longer embodied here. It shrines its holy

offices in tenderest memories, and lives the life of heaven, while seemingly of the earth. As it demands forgetfulness of self, it may be sustained in strength and beauty when every other form of tenderness would languish for want of positive support in sympathizing humanity. So pure and ethereal is the vitality of true friendship, that it lives without the ministrations of the sensible, as demanded by other emotions. It is born of nobility and purity, and lives its life of beauty in hearts consecrated to *excellence*.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN TRUE PIETY.

Know,
Without star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God shall find Him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven :
Love finds admission where proud science fails.

YOUNG.

THE economy of this world originates in the will and wisdom of an eternal and all-pervading power. To bow with the heart's full submission to that will, to perceive and acknowledge that all-pervading power, constitute the excellent and beautiful in true piety. Obedience, love, and veneration compose its essence.

Very happy and most important is it to possess an early and right understanding of the goodness of God, to permit the love of the great Creator to swell the heart into profound adoration. True piety is not the result of nicely formulated systems of belief. If we attempt to inspire the heart alone through such agency the failure must be signal.

Forms of faith and Christian practice are very necessary, and may prove very useful as means leading to a gracious end, especially when they are the faithful exponents of Scriptural truth. But systems cannot inspire true piety. No form, however perfect in itself, can impart vitality. It is the Spirit alone that quickeneth.

True piety, which so enshrines the perfection of the beautiful, consists actively in loving God as the creator of this world of ours, and as the creator of the universe of worlds by which it is surrounded. True piety is not only the acknowledgment of God as the author of material existences, but the author of the living soul, the endower of its intelligence. God is the supreme giver of its moral sense, appointing the conditions of its responsibility and its capability, and with all imparting such pervading and delicate sense of the beautiful and the true. To our love of God as the Creator, piety demands our loving Him more intensely as the soul's Redeemer, showing forth, day by day, our recognition of the wisdom of His providence, and our perfect trust in His merciful care. The beautiful and holy in true piety re-

quires by His express command that we love our neighbor as ourselves, that we should love him as the offspring of the same parent, as the sharer of the same destiny, as the heir of the same immortal and glorious promises.

When the veil is lifted from our naturally darkened vision, and we can see God, as if face to face, in all His gracious and wondrous works, our humanity then reflects anew the image of its Creator. When the heart is filled with His worship, and overflows with the kind, the sympathetic, the loving, and the just, then does the beautiful in true piety live within us and beam around us, in its own pure and heavenly radiance.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN CHARITY.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity.
Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still ;
Long abiding, all confiding
To thy heavenly Father's will ;
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end ;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.

JEFFRIES.

CHARITY, in the sense of giving, has its ever present charm. To give in a worthy cause, that act carries with itself the highest form of satisfaction. A twofold good is the result of every act of a true charity, as both the giver and the receiver are richly blest.

As a people we have been educated successfully in the matter of giving, especially during these last two decades and more. The soldier of the Union and his orphan child, how these have appealed to the nation's deep sympathy, and how

touchingly beautiful has been the response, how fully and nobly have their claims been met.

How fully and how nobly, too, has response after response gone forth with every new demand that has been made. No display of the sympathetic in feeling and the generous in giving can be surpassed in the heartiness and promptitude which the calamities of fire and flood and the desolations of disease have called forth among us. When a great city was overswept with flame and its thousands left without clothing, food, or shelter, how the heart of the whole country seemed to beat with the one desire to afford relief. There was a marked forgetfulness of everything save that of earnest ministry in behalf of the suffering. It formed one of the most beautiful outpourings of charity—with all its sympathetic kindness—that need be instanced. As a people, it may be repeated, we have been trained in the virtue of giving—of giving, not from mere habit, but from real sympathy with distress and the kindly desire to relieve, the desire where ostentation bears no conspicuous part. We may well rejoice in the absence of this unlovely feature of making the char-

ity of giving an ostentation. The beautiful in charity can only exist when, in obedience to the holy admonition, heartlessness and the ostentatious in the act are laid aside.

It is very beautiful to give when the generous giver may himself see something of the wisdom and value of his particular form of benevolence, may see something of its great usefulness in behalf of the generation indeed, that has awakened his sympathy, and called into existence his generosity.

We are every day made glad that there are so many who take up this right form of thinking and philosophical action. Those noble ones and blessed, who give to-day in life's warmth, fulness, and beauty, especially to lessen sorrow and suffering, and who give also with a noble generosity for the higher culture of talent and the gracious end of establishing through this medium a capacity for a truer and wiser citizenship. Ignorance, superstition, and vice drag downward to the lowest levels, while knowledge, truth, and virtue elevate to the highest rank.

It is beautiful to give in liberality, to aid in car-

rying forward useful and meritorious undertakings which might otherwise fail, and so the art, or its improvement, or the proposed discovery, might be set back for an age, or entirely lost.

Had Isabella said finally to Columbus, when suing so earnestly for her patronage, "I have use now for really more than I can command, but, eventually, if anything can be secured, it shall be given to aid the discovery of those unknown lands of which you so confidently speak." The great navigator, being thus baffled by refusal and wearied by unlimited delay, the discovery of the western world might have remained unknown for ages longer. So, the brightest page in human history might have remained unwritten still.

Had the great scientist, Agassiz, been unprovided with means for his Brazilian explorations, what an amount of knowledge would have been lost, to this generation, at least.

It is the to-day of every human life that is so important when, if its work be done, it cannot fail to be effective. How beautiful, then, in this to-day to give to him that needeth, and from him

that asketh not to turn away when the power to comply has been imparted.

But charity in its true Scriptural aspect must excel, for it is declared the crowning virtue of Christian perfection. It is placed above faith, that sublime sentiment ; yea, and above hope, too, "that springs eternal in the human breast," the sustainer and comforter from life's beginning to its close, brightening to the last, and forsaking never. But the greater still is charity, the holy love and beautiful, that binds the heart to all good. For now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is Charity.

THE END.





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